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BEAUTY:

A

POEM.

By JOHN GREEN, *Junr.*
A STUDENT of the Honourable SOCIETY
of LINCOLN's-INN.

*The virtuous MIND and youthful BLOOM,
Diffuse around sincere PERFUME.*

The CARNATION.



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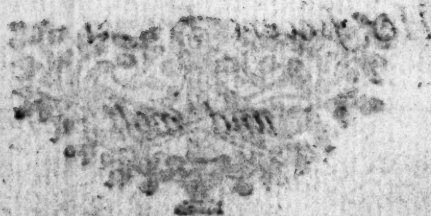
B E A U T Y :

A

P O E M.

JOHN GREEN, JR.
STUDENT of the Harvard School of
LAW

The Harvard School of Law
and the Harvard School of
LAW



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Cambridge, Mass.



T O
Miss ANN EDWYN,

O F
BAGRAVE-HALL,

In the County of LEICESTER;

*The following POEM is most humbly
inscribed,*

B Y

Her sincere Friend,

and most obliged

humble Servant,

J. GREEN, Junr.



Advertisement.

To the PUBLIC.

THE Author of the following trifling Performance never had the least Intention of introducing it to the Public Notice, till by the Importunities of several Friends he was persuaded to launch forth into the most dreadful Ocean of Criticism his little Bark, so slenderly built as to be almost totally unable to sustain the least Denisian Shock; but as he proposes neither to steer his Vessel to the Coasts of Gain, or the Ice-lands of Fame, he hopes to pass unmolested by the Pirates of Envy and the Corsairs of Opposition.

The following Piece is intended to fix (if not the general, at least) the most valuable Characteristic of Beauty; to prove that a handsome Form is the least estimable Part of Woman; and that no Female, unless in absolute Possession of the interior Accomplishments of the Soul, can for any (long) Space of Time engage the Affections of a Man of Sense.

How far I have succeeded in this, I leave to the (candid) World to determine, and if I have failed in this my first Attempt, hope they will not judge too severely of my Capacity, but rather impute it to my close Attention to the more material Study of the Law, and the necessary Attendance I am obliged to pay to that Post which I have the Honour to enjoy in the Public Revenues.

I beg Pardon for so long a Digression on so small a Trifle; but as every Father is fond of his first Brat, hope that will prove a sufficient Excuse for

The PUBLIC'S

Most devoted Servant,

STAMP-OFFICE,
March 24, 1756.

J. G.



BEAUTY.

WHAT tints the Maiden's Cheek with lov'liest Dye,
 Why charm her Smiles, why wound the radiant
 Of her bright Eye, the Heav'n-born Muse shall sing. Beams
 Lift! lift ye Fair! and close Attention give,
 While I to you the secret Pow'rs declare
 That captivate the lawless Hearts of Men.

O EDWYN, born with every female Grace,
 Whose Eye can ravish, and whose Heart can warm
 The coldest Breast, whose lovely Form is fair
 As that of Angels, and whose Mind like theirs
 Admits no Equal! For in thee, bright Maid,
 Beauty's with Wisdom join'd, and genial Sense
 With an Angelic Sweetness is combin'd:
 Stately fans Pride, fans Art most lovely,
 Your Looks Good-nature, Words good Sense impart;
 Thus form'd to charm e'en the whole Race of Man:

O deign to hear from me, thy humblest Swain,
Those Strains which unto thee alone belong.

BEAUTY, thou sweet Descendant from above,
Thou dear Reformer of the savage Race,
Of fickle Mortals whose Softness pierces,
And whose brighter Ray like Lightning strikes the Soul!
Polish'd by Thee even rough Clowns can leave
Their base Rusticity; thou can'st humble
The haughtiest of Mankind; and make the Bold
Fearful as is the tim'rous Hare pursued
By opening Hounds. Charm'd with thy lovely Mien,
Monarchs forget to rule, and Tyrants lose
Their Sway despotic. Thou can'st make the Coward
Active and valiant as the God of War.
Chear'd by thy Smiles each wretched Man forgets
His Woes, and from thy Frowns flow our Sorrows.
Aw'd by thy Presence silly Fops forbear
To wound the modest Ear with Jest obscene.
For thee the Hero bears the rough Fatigue
Of Camps, of Marches, and of long Campaigns,

Nor knows to tremble but at thy Disdain,
 For thee the Poet tunes his unstrung Lyre,
 And fearless treads Parnassus' flow'ry top.
 By thee bright Deity inspir'd, our Worth
 That long lay latent is again reviv'd;
 A brave Ambition ev'ry Breast inspires
 With noble Thoughts, and animates each Soul
 To rise by Merit, and by that acquire
 The wish'd Possession of the Maid we love.

What is this Charm, and what the magic Pow'r
 For which all Men in various Forms appear?
 LOVE in each Breast the wish'd-for Image paints,
 And each pursues the Form that he adores,
 In ev'ry Shape he thinks will captivate
 The Maiden's Heart on whom his Love is fix'd.
 The soft Brunettas of Italia's Coast
 Some Palates please; while some alone delight
 In the black Beauties of the Spanish Clime:
 Nay there are some, but mostly foppish Fools,
 Whom Gallia's flutt'ring Dames find Charms to please.

Thus various Beauties different Men esteem.
 But BRITAIN'S lovely BELLES alone can cheer
 Each BRITISH Heart, and ENGLISH Bosoms warm;
 But some have such odd Tastes that they delight
 In her whose Form would to another seem
 Distasteful. Say Muse, from whence proceeds this Charm?
 Alas! it lies not in the outward Form;
 The Life of BEAUTY rises from within,
 Flows from the Soul, and animates the Form
 In Words, Looks, Smiles and generous Actions.

What gives CORINNA those resistless Charms?
 No Roses Bloom upon her fading Check,
 'Tis true; but hear the charming Syren speak,
 And each must own that there are other Charms,
 By far more pleasing than a blooming Face:
 While fair COSMELIA with her sparkling Eye,
 And Cheeks as ruddy as the Tyrian Rose,
 In whom the Charms of Face and Shape unite,
 Can find no way to please; for all her Charms
 By Affectation's baleful Influence

Are eclipsed ; and who for one Half Hour
But sees or hears the beauteous Maiden speak,
Finds Red and White are but of feeble Pow'r.

Learn then, ye Fair, this consequential Truth,
A Truth which ought to make the deepest Stamp
On ev'ry female Heart. A homely Face
May by good Sense be made to glow with Charms
Intrinsically bright, fair to the Mind,
Tho' homely to the curious Gazer's View.
Without this first best Gift of gen'rous Nature,
CORINNA'S Lip, young FLORA'S livid Cheek,
And CHLOE'S languid Eye in vain might seek
Admirers : wanting this Charm COSMELIA mourns
A Maid still wond'ring why her Charms are scorn'd ?
Whence but for want of this to guide the Mind,
And steer the floating Vessels of Desire,
So many flock us aiming to delight ?
BLOUZELLA thinks loud Laughter is a sign
Of Wit, and every Word brings forth whole Clouds
Of clam'rous Noise ; which when PRUDELLA hears,

She of the Indecorum strait complains,
 And strives to please with stiffen'd Gravity:
 In mimic Modesty she stands demure,
 Her Arms supported by her clumsy Hips,
 Nor Smile nor Frown her equal Visage wears,
 Alike unmov'd with all she hears and sees:
 The fond Pygmalion that makes her his Bride,
 Ere he with Pleasure can possess the Maid,
 Must beg the Gods to give his Statue Life.

But see FLORELLA, pretty fluttering Fool,
 Now bounds it o'er the Lawn, now treads the Green,
 Now swift across the sunny Glade she hies,
 Now seeks the deep Retirements of the Grove;
 Sings, dances, flutters, ramps with ev'ry Swain,
 Laughs, ogles, smiles, and bows, still strives to please;
 While all her Actions but torment the Mind,
 And what she means for Pleasure gives Disgust.

Shun all Extremes: there's JULIE wants no Charm
 Of Wit, of Shape and graceful Symmetry,
 But she's so over free, so over plain,

In all her Ways so awkward unpolite,
 In every common Action so ungain,
 So much above all Thought or Care of Dress,
 So wild, so unconnected her Ideas
 In Discourse, that one unskill'd in modern Life
 Would take the lovely blooming JUBLET for
 Some awkward stupid Country Parson's Wife.
 Some hope to charm (the vain Pretence forbear)
 With Learning deep and more than common Wit;
 In Holy Writ and Myſtery long read,
 Question on Question wildly they propoſe,
 Striving to ridicule the ſhallow Senſe
 Of ſuperficial Men, 'till like the World,
 Their giddy uſeleſs Senſes whirl around.
 Forgive the Muſe, ſhe owns the female Mind
 By Learning cultivated's doubly fair,
 Doubly engaging to a Man of Senſe,
 When with prudential Maxims tempered,
 She only bids the Nymphs of Britain's Iſle,
 Who through the World are for their Wit renown'd,

Beware the false Pretence, nor aim at ought
That is unworthy of a British Maid.

But various Passions various Minds possess,
And some eternal War with Sense declare;
They Learning scorn, and ev'ry Art polite,
Except the modern modish Arts of Dress;
On their dear Toiletttes all their Hopes they place,
And with their Powder, Patches, Paint, Perfume,
Gold, Diamonds, and Embroid'ry fair they strive
To wound each Heart. But know, mistaken Nymphs,
A British Youth despises such Deceits;
Scorning the flattering Disguise of Dress,
He knows to prize your blooming native Charms;
Leave then those Arts to Gallia's flutt'ring Dames,
Whose sole Ambition is to captivate
Cet Animal detestable un Beau,
For know, ye British Maids, that ye have Charms,
Charms so divinely bright, that all the Art
Of Man can't equal; and an English Dame
Shines so transporting fair, no human Breast

With Safety can behold her piercing Eyes.
 Be tender of those Charms, ye Nymphs, and shun
 The soft Enticements of Quadrille, nor let
 The unrelenting Matadores usurp
 Your Thoughts: think on the fatal Consequence
 Of mid-night Routs, and chequer'd Masquerades;
 Think how destructive to your blooming Cheeks
 Are Morning Beds, and when the Hand of Time
 It's highest Number marks, for Rest prepare.
 Once more Forgiveness for the Muse I beg,
 Who has so long th' unwilling Task pursued,
 A Task ungrateful, tho' of gen'ral use.
 With gentle Hand I have your Foibles touch'd,
 Too young to dictate, and too kind to lash.
 Like a young fearful Surgeon, with my Probe
 I search the Wound, and with soft Lenients strive
 To cure those Ailments, which perhaps require
 A sharper Salve to draw the Venom forth.
 No bitter Gall my youthful Pen can use,
 No pointed Satire fills my little Page:

Nor meant I, O! ye Fair, but to persuade,
 Not force ye from your Faults; your Conduct blam'd,
 Because I thought it wrong: but if your Sense
 Should think I err, forgive, at least excuse
 What was but meant to do a gen'ral Good.

But is your Art, methinks I hear ye say,
 Taught from false Conduct and the vicious Fair?
 Are bright Examples in this Age so scarce,
 That none are worthy to engage the Heart?
 O yes! from these the Muse her Precepts draws,
 Hence brings her Art, and hence her Laws enacts.
 Turn then, ye Fair, from Portraits despicable,
 And here with Emulation ever gaze.

See, fair MARIA, lovely to the Eye,
 Her Face, her Shape, her Smile, and ev'ry Air
 Form'd to delight: but tho' with each fair Grace
 The lovely blooming Charmer is adorn'd
 To captivate the Heart of ev'ry youthful Swain;
 Tho' all the Graces sparkle in her Form,
 And Love in Ambush on her Bosom lies;

Yet these must all give place, her charming Mind
 Is doubly fair, bright Virtue is its Guest,
 Good-Nature gives her Eyes a beaming Lustre
 That adds Perfection to her gen'rous Soul.
 Bright with chaste Innocence, and Peace supreme,
 She shines a fair Example to her Sex.

See lovely Betsy eminently bright,
 Next claims our Admiration and Applause:
 An easy Smile her lovely Face adorns,
 And sparkling Beauty in her Eyes is seen;
 But on her Breast all Eyes with Raptures gaze,
 Where Myriads of Cupids hold their Court,
 And Love and Honour ever reign supreme.

With Joy behold all Nature's Pow'rs combine
 In C * * 's charming Form, and shine compleat;
 Her Mind by the wise Pallas form'd, beams forth
 Intensely bright, and Beauty's Lightning adds
 Such melting Sweetness, such a Heav'n of Love,
 That Jove himself is with fierce Passion torn,
 But by her more than human Virtue aw'd.

Dares not aspire to gain the charming Maid.

But see, superior to my youthful Pen,
Rural NANNETTE the Pride of all her Sex;
Tho' the last mentioned, not the least in Love:
So fair her Mind, her Angel-Form so fair,
'Tis hard to say, which gives the most Delight,
Each Charm, each Grace is by the other heighten'd,
And such engaging Pow'rs in both unite,
So sweetly mix'd, so charmingly combin'd,
That who but sees, or hears the Maid, must love.

Inimitable these, for here you view
The Charms of Sense and Beauty, exquisite
Divine Conjunction, and supreme in each,
Each by the other brightly shines, unenvy'd,
Equal in Charms, in Wit and Sense, each equal
To her Sister beams, tho' far superior
Unto the common Race of Womankind.

Hence ye may learn, that Wit and Sense are Charms
By far more pleasing than a lovely Form:
Without these Beauties, what could Beauty do?

Her boasted Reign would cease, her Votaries
 Grow pall'd, and Beauty's lifeless Pow'rs no more
 Would be the Boast of Britain's fertile Clime.
 But with these estimable Charms adorn'd,
 Each must in spritely Conversation please,
 And by Endearments captivate each Heart
 That is the least susceptible of Love.
 It is to these their Loveliness they owe;
 These are the Arts, ye British Nymphs, I'd teach,
 By which, or fair, or brown, have Charms to please:
 Has Heav'n deny'd you then a beauteous Form?
 Let not the trifling Loss Affliction give:
 Adorn yourself with all the Charms of Mind,
 From whence a Source of various Beauties spring,
 More amiable than the fairest Face;
 More pleasing than a ruddy Cheek, and far
 More charming than a Lip of Tyrian Dye,
 Or Eye as piercing as the Bird of Jove.

What are the blooming Beauties of the Face?
 What the fair Symmetry of Form, compar'd

With inward Peace, with Harmony divine ?
 What the bright Sparkling of the finest Eye,
 To Conversation mix'd with ev'ry Charm ?
 Can comely Forms, with Comelyness of Deeds,
 And Harmony of Words, compare ? Ah ! no.
 The first may strike th' unwary Eye, but ne'er
 Can long support it's Reign ; that Flame must soon
 To Reason yield, that Reason can't approve.
 It is the heav'n-born Beauties of the Mind
 Must captivate the noble Briton's Heart ;
 'Tis these, and these alone, can hold in Chains,
 That free-born lawless-charter'd Savage, MAN.

Near to that Place, where four fair Turrets strike
 Each human Breast with Awe, there dwells a Maid,
 Upon whose Cheeks whole Troops of Cupids play,
 The Rose and Lilly with united Pow'r
 Combine, yet still they with each other vie,
 Which to the Maid shall give superior Grace :
 Shape, Air, and lovely Symmetry of Form,
 With every exterior Grace unite,

And make the lovely Maiden shine compleat.
 Whole Crouds of Swains for fair LUCINDA burn,
 And each still hopes to meet Returns of Love.
 But she as fickle, as the roving Bee
 That sips each Flow'r that first invites the Eye,
 Then leaves it for it's Neighbour's fairer Form,
 Still loves each present Swain, by far the best;
 And each that with deluding Tongue can sooth
 Her vainest Thoughts, she then the most esteems:
 At length the Shepherds tir'd with languishing
 In vain, forsake the Maid: one Lover yet
 Remain'd, o'er whom the Maid with haughty Scorn,
 A long imperial Tyranny maintain'd,
 And him, his Sighs, and fruitless Vows despis'd:
 Vain of her charms, and conscious of her Pow'r,
 She thought her Smiles and Frowns gave Life or Death,
 And oft, when tend'rest Words his Flame reveal'd,
 The fair Coquet with Laughter still repell'd
 His Love, thinking his tributary Sighs
 Unto her Beauty due, and all his Vows
 No more than what his Duty should confess,

Nor car'd to please, nor fought the Smart to heal,
Fond of her Pow'r to tantalize the Swain.

Fierce are the Pangs which proud Disdain inflicts
Upon the am'rous Lover's gentle Heart,
Pangs so sharp, so exquisitely painful,
That none but those Experience hath taught,
The Torments can describe; all these, and more
Th' unhappy STREPHON for LUCINDA felt.
Unable to conceal the pungent Grief,
He by Retirement strove to sooth his Pain,
His Friends forsook; no more convers'd with those,
With whom his leisure Hours he us'd to spend.
What can he do, nor Sighs nor Vows can move
The tyrannizing Fair, nor make her burn
With equal Flames; the vain imperious Maid
Nor hears his Vows, nor feels his racking Pains;
Regardless of his Woe, another Swain
Her Love usurps, and all her Care's to please
The wild, th' inconstant, perjur'd, false VARANES;
Yet STREPHON still with Constancy pursued
The hopeless Chace, and by Perseverance

Still strove to gain the Fair LUCINDA's Love.
 Nor strove the Youth in vain, for soon VARANES,
 Perjured VARANES forsook the lovely Maid,
 And left the Charmer torn with wild Despair.
 A frantic Madness seizes on her Brain
 A burning Fever tingles thro' each Pulse,
 And Mutinies of wild Desires possess
 Her incoherent undigested Thoughts.
 At length her Guardian Genius, thro' the Realms
 Of liquid Air, swift wings his rapid Flight;
 Her Eyes now opens, and her Fancy clears
 From all vain, empty, silly, stupid Thoughts,
 Sets STREPHON's Passion in a fairer Light,
 And prints the Seeds of BEAUTY on her MIND.
 With secret Pleasure she perceiv'd the Change,
 Her Eyes with Sense inspir'd new Lustre give,
 Unconscious Beauties animate her Soul,
 And Love for STREPHON seizes on her Heart.
 With Raptures he the new Elysium sees,
 And Joys extatic fill his generous Soul,
 While she with Modesty her Thoughts exprest,

And thus address'd the fond enraptur'd Swain.

“ Dear STREPHON, I repent me of my Scorn ;
 “ Hear now my Love, and now my Reason hear,
 “ Those graceful Flowers, which so long have been
 “ Eclips'd by Weeds of an untimely Growth,
 “ So far eclips'd, that I till now ne'er saw
 “ Thy Worth, thy Honour, and thy boundless Love.
 “ Strange, strange Illusion ! I till now ne'er thought
 “ That Love, and Honour, e'er could find a place
 “ In Man's celestial Soul, degen'rate Thought !
 “ I now with Scorn reject thy false Deceits,
 “ To STREPHON here my tender Vows I plight,
 “ Forget my Follies, and his Love reward,
 “ Blest in his Arms I'll spend my future Days,
 “ And he shall be my Husband, Guardian, Friend.

Thus spoke the Maid, when eager to her Arms,
 Th' enraptur'd Shepherd rush'd, and vow'd, and swore,
 He'd all his Days with his LUCINDA pass.

With modest Sweetness she receiv'd the Swain,
 Her Vows confirm'd, nor long delay'd his Joys.

End of the First Part of the Poem.